One Little Button

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One Little Button

by MintyEcco

Summary

The usual appointment with Doctor Lecter goes sideways when Will forgets to properly button his shirt. Though the turn it takes is startling, Will isn't entirely apposed to it.

Notes

So this all started from a joking conversation I had with a friend.
I was dramatically lamenting how I thought Will should have bigger tits, a quirk of taste I picked up from the Re-Animator fandom, and we talked about how his tits should be big enough to make buttons pop off.
This captured my imagination so much that it led me here.

See the end of the work for more notes

Will is not necessarily a well kept person.

His clothes have been worn so much and he rarely goes out for more than he has a smattering of both new and old items within his repertoire.

So when he wakes up late and has to rush out the door going into the closet it doesn't occur to him that the flannel he's grabbing is old.

That it'd been in there maybe five or six years, and that it'd been nearly that long since he'd worn it.

Sure there was an awkward pull while buttoning it that seemed to hang there with it. But he couldn't think about that.

He was on call.

Another murder.

Another mind break.

Another temptation of fate.

Another day on the job.

So the way when he moves his arms he can feel the tug of the buttons against his shirt doesn't cross his mind while the smell of blood still hangs in the air.

There were more pressing issues than how uncomfortable he may feel when he was pointing his finger.

Besides— his tits weren't *that* big, right?

They weren't so big that they would tug against his chest to the point of bursting.

He wasn't that big nor built to justify worrying about that type of thing.

So he didn't.

The tug was there, but he ignored it.

Opting instead to continue with his day as if it wasn't there. Because even if it was, it's not like he had another shirt on him.

So the day trugged on in its usual grim, bloody, glory.

Always another murder. Always another mystery.

Today was somewhat different however, because he had an appointment with Doctor Lecter.

The timing not being the best, all things considered, but it was necessary.

A necessary evil Will had learned to use to his advantage on such cases.

Though there was the minor inclination he couldn't deny that he enjoyed going to these sessions.

That being near Hannibal brought him some sense of peace in his usually hectic life.

The sessions themselves doing little for him, at least that he'd noticed, but being able to talk to the doctor bringing some outside feeling of comfort.

It was strange, hard to pin down exactly what it all meant.

But it didn't matter.

He just had to get there.

He just had to do it.

Get through it.

Find answers.

Get better.

And go home.

These thoughts are what holds him together as he pulls up the Doctor Lecters work and he walks in.

As he does so, not catching that the tugging of his shirt has dissipated.

Entering into the massive room filled with unused books and looming windows Hannibal calls his office he promptly hears a "Will!" leave the Doctor's lips.

The taller man rising from his current position at his desk to meet him at the door. His whole attention being given to the sudden presence of his seemingly most important patient.

"I know I'm a few minutes early, but I was nearby and didn't consider how empty the roads would be." Will tries to brush aside.

"Of course, another murder I presume?"

"Nothing else! Do you think they're just attracted to where the Ripper is or is it all one big coincidence?" Will asks half heartedly, the idea only occurring to him now that he was here with someone that could play off his ideas. Hannibal always seeming more receptive to them than even Jack could be at times.

"I think that there's an argument to be made that they're drawn to one another. Whether they know it or not with a well known murder on the lose they may feel safer doing their own

work.”

“Especially if the Ripper is still on the loose.” He lets out a long sigh at that prospect.

The Ripper felt so tangible now. He should be able to grasp who it could be by now!

Yet he always found himself falling short.

Every time Jack asks him about it guilt would wither around in his guts as he’d have to say no.

“You cannot blame yourself for that, Will.” Hannibal attempts to soothe, seeing the pain clear on his face as he thinks about the killer's continued escape. “You’re new to the case. You cannot blame yourself for not being able to find the Ripper so soon after his return.”

Giving Will a slow look over as he speaks he catches an interesting sight, “Just as you cannot blame yourself for this malfitting shirt.”

Reaching out for Will’s flannel as he speaks, coming right up against him as he does, and carefully putting the button back into it’s place.

“I’m assuming you didn’t have much time to dress yourself this morning?” He questions. The height difference between the two being amplified by the instantaneous proximity.

Leaving Will suddenly pinned up against the door with the body of Hannibal looming over him. The subtle care being afforded to this small detail of his appearance bringing forward that odd feeling he’d ever experienced in relation to Doctor Lecter all at once.

It was overwhelming.

Leaving him a sputtering mess pinned up against a door being faced down by the tactical force of this man who somehow welded something over him.

“Are you alright, Will?” Hannibal asks, snapping him out of his confused trance.

“Yes— Yes! I’m fine. I didn’t realize that it was unbuttoned this whole time.” He tries to cover as his compositor feels like it’s slipping through his fingers.

Still stuck against the door as his body feels rigid. Stuck in place by the feels that we’re flooding his body beyond his comprehension.

At least an understandable comprehension.

Because the only conclusion one could reach was that he *cared* for Hannibal in such a way that his body would— *long* to be near him.

Putting a hand to his face he tried to hide the mix of emotions that Hannibal *must* be able to witness in it.

The rush of red, and heat, that *had* to be so clear to his eyes as he finds himself trapped between a rock and a hard place.

His eyes doing their damndest to steer clear of Hannibal's own that he doesn't catch when a smile appears on his face.

"Will, you don't have to hide anything from me. I'm your therapist. My job is to help you work through whatever you see as a problem." His voice running through Will's body like electricity making his gasp for breath.

"I don't know!" He blurts out, his hands up against the door dig into the wood behind him in his panic.

"I don't know," He sounds out of breath as he speaks now. Trying to grasp at something out there in the abyss to ground him but all that he can find is Hannibal. "I don't know what's happening to me or what I'm feeling or what's going on. This is new. This is— different and I just don't *know*!"

His voice sounded as if it were cracking under the strain brought on by his fear. Shattering into a million pieces with each word coming out as a plea for understanding and help.

Leaving Hannibal completely flabbergasted by the sudden crumbling of the man in front of him.

"Take a deep breath, Will. It'll pass. Whatever this is, it'll pass."

"But it hasn't! I've— I've only been ignoring it!"

"What is it, Will? What have you been ignoring?"

"**You**!" He quickly slams a hand over his mouth. His words carrying so much unintended meaning that his body feels as if it's shaking from the panic that comes in the wake of them being said.

"I've been ignoring but it's been *eating* away at me. I didn't think it was anything real. An inclination or a fleeting idea I didn't realize that it was—"

"Love?" Hannibal proposes, his eyes seeming to slowly widen as Will continues to try and explain what's happening to him.

Such a strange idea brought into reality so quickly neither was prepared for it to be true.

Will stares at him shocked that he'd taken the word right out of his mouth, "I guess so?"

"If it's any consolation, Will, the thought has passed my mind of late as well."

"What?" Will asks in the most dumbfounded tone yet.

"I wasn't certain, but the more we've met the more something has developed inside of me for you. This quiet yearning to be near you and to know that you are okay."

“And you’d call that love?”

“What else would you call it?”

Will stands there captured by the scenario he finds himself stuck in. The larger implications of these feels practically crushing him, but his body no longer moves.

Finally frozen in place while the world around him seems to sway.

It’s too much.

His feet slide out from under him before he has time to comprehend it. Hannibal following suit as he gets down on one knee to be at his height.

“Are you alright, Will? Do you need me to call someone?”

“No! No, that won’t be necessary.” He continues to gasp for breath, running his hand over his face as he makes eye contact with Hannibal briefly.

Care mixes with something more menacing as his eyes pierce through Will’s panic.

“Are these feelings so unsavory to you that you cannot cope with them?”

“They're new! They’re fresh! They’re—“

“Overwhelming?”

Will let’s out a laugh despite himself, “You certainly seem to want to finish my sentences. Isn’t that a little cliche for you?”

“Cliches have their appeal.” Moving even closer to Will he now reaches out and pries his hand from the door. “Just as you do, Will.”

Will’s hand limp in Hannibal’s own; he moves it up to his lips and presses a kiss onto it.

His eyes piercing through Will with a certainty that he’d only ever seen Hannibal possess.

A maticulace stare only shown when Hannibal knew exactly what he wanted.

“You look like you’re about to pounce.” Will can’t help but observe. It was intimidating in all its presence, yet alluring at the same time.

No one had ever looked at Will like that.

Well, nobody besides the psychologist of the world.

They only saw him for his mind.

How they could further their careers off of him.

Hannibal, however, saw *all* of him.

Both the dark and the light.

And he yearns for it.

“While it has not been for long, the longing I have for your companionship, Will, drives me mad.” He pulls Will’s hand closer, moving his body forward intandam, so his hand can feel his chest.

His heart was racing despite his cold exterior.

So easily he hid his truth, yet he was allowing Will to see beyond his mask.

“You drive *me* mad, Will.”

With a shuddering breath Will sits forward till their faces are so close he can feel Hannibal’s breath on his face.

“*You’re* driving me mad, Doctor Lecter.” He whispers, their lips brushing up against each other as he does

“Then we should stop this madness.”

“Agreed,” Will breathes, before kissing the murderous man.

Passion oozes from their lips as they can’t find the strength to pull away.

Such longing to have the other close mixes with a tangible lust as hands move from body to body.

Clothes, hair, flesh, all facets of the human beings that are so *hungry* for the other’s body.

Hannibal, surprisingly, is the one to pull away first.

Will holding onto him by biting down on his lip and pulling.

His eyes revealing something darker than ever before as he sits there in frustration at what Hannibal has chosen to do.

He grunts from the pain, though not seeming opposed to it, Will lets out a sigh and relinquishes him.

“I didn’t anticipate *you* to be so— excitable.” Hannibal mutters, rubbing his mouth where the bite is. The sweet tang of blood filling his mouth making him smile.

“I didn’t anticipate you to like it so much.” Will shoots back, taking in deep breaths as if he had just run a mile.

“The thrill of the unexpected is always enjoyed when first experienced.” He muses, running a hand through his hair in an attempt to fix its current messy state.

“I didn’t realize you’d experienced the unexpected so much. You always seem like a man of repetition.”

“Indeed I am, however there are some things one can never be certain of.” Hannibal rises as he speaks, fixing his cuffs before extending a hand to Will.

Hands still shaking Will takes hold of his hand, squeezing it slightly, and feels his body get lifted up with one big tug.

In the wave of movement now it becomes clear, once again, that the cheeky little button has been long left open.

Will’s eyes go down to it for a moment before moving back up to Hannibal’s.

Hannibal’s eyes, intern, having been left staring at that oh so special spot just the same.

“Well, Doctor Lecter, what are you going to do now?” Will’s body tenses as if preparing for a predator to pounce.

An amused smile dances across Hannibal’s face. His fingers fiddling with the buttons’ of his own cuffs before stating, “I’ll be polite. Just this once.”

Will smiles back, “Just this once.”

A chorus of feelings running through his bones as they both understand this was going to be *far* more than once.

And neither are perturbed by that.

End Notes

There was actually a shorter version of this where I rushed to the lip biting, but this is far more entertaining than that one.

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